

THE SYRACUSE CONVENTION.

SCENES BOTH INSIDE AND OUTSIDE, AS SKETCHED BY A DELEGATE.

Director on the Railroad—Patronism in the House—Apologies to the Hosts—The Interest of Peace and Harmony—Everywhere a Crush—Photographs of the Conspicuous Actors—Excitement in the Streets—The Convention at the Hotel—The Tuscany Hall and its Results.

It was a Tuscany delegate to the Syracuse Convention from the Seventeenth Assembly District. I live in the Fifth; but as my constituents informed me that I was elected at the time and place designated in the call of the General Convention of the City Democracy of the Fourth District, and in accordance with the call of the Democratic State Committee, I feared that it must be a mistake. I had a good many of the credentials that I had secured as Chairman of the primary that I had secured as a delegate, and that Bryan McWynny, O'Leary's shoemaker, was his Secretary. This seemed strange. I was out of town when the primary was held, and so was O'Leary's shoemaker. We bore the credentials to John B. Haskin, the great chief of the Tuscany, and he assured us that it was all right. The documents, he said, had been drawn up by the effect of peace and harmony, and were authentic. They were carried by either the Tuscany or the O'Leary delegation. He added that no true Democrat would refuse to obey such a summons at such a crisis. The great chief drew out his wicker-worked horoscope, uncrowded its metallic, and passed it to O'Leary's shoemaker. He passed through it in gurgling silence. Its effect was magical. The shoemaker began to speak in the interest of peace and harmony, and we promised to obey the summons of party.

The Tuscany met at the Grand Central depot on Tuesday morning. Haskin was there, horoscope and all, in full feather; but he looked more like a disguised Jesuit than like an aborigine. Red mud covered his leggings, and the odor of breakfast and onions clung to his garments. Major George W. McLean, in striking contrast, behaved like a gentleman. He carried the horoscope of the fall of O'Leary. His white head was covered with a silk cap. He kept his eyes steadily to the front, and never smiled. Gutteral "uhs" came from his throat when he saw the O'Learys. A stream of Tuscany braves swirled around him, and he hastily buttoned his coat and tightened his grip on a small red satchel. It was done in the interest of peace and harmony. He was followed by a crowd of men, some of whom were armed with pistols. He was followed by a crowd of men, some of whom were armed with pistols. He was followed by a crowd of men, some of whom were armed with pistols.

THE NEW JERSEY SOLDIER.

INCREASING THEIR EFFICIENCY BY COMMON SENSE METHODS.

Gen. McClellan's Purpose when he Became Commander-in-Chief—What the General Inspector of Rifle Practice Hopes to Do.

When Gen. George B. McClellan became Governor of New Jersey and Commander-in-Chief of her National Guard, he resolved that when he went out of office he would leave a body of troops that would in many respects bear comparison with the regular army. The militia of this State was organized in 1864, and since that time it has been in a state of decay. It was a body of men who were not drilled, and who were not equipped. It was a body of men who were not drilled, and who were not equipped. It was a body of men who were not drilled, and who were not equipped.

THE MASSACRE AT CABUL.

Four Thousand Afghans Engaged in the Attack on the British Embassy.

Simla, Sept. 14.—Although the Afghan mutineers have declared their desire to fight one. Nawab Ghulam Huseini, the native Envoy of the Indian Government to Cabul, who was en route for Cabul at the time of the massacre, has returned to Shutter-Gardian Pass. Gen. Roberts hopes to arrange with the heads of tribes for the safety of the roads through Shutter-Gardian Pass. Advice from several points, the most important being the Khurram and Khysor passes, represent that the tribes show no signs of hostility. The Khurram and Khysor passes are the most important passes in the country at the disposal of the British.

LIFE IN THE METROPOLIS.

DASHES HERE AND THERE BY THE SUN'S REPORTERS.

Room in the Coney Island Caves—Any Number of Waiters for Every Visitor in the Almond Deserted Hotel—Winding Up the Season.

Anybody who went down to Coney Island yesterday morning must have felt like a nabob. On the train there was nothing to prevent each passenger having a car all to himself. At the hotel, too, any visitor could have twenty or thirty waiters to attend to him without the least difficulty. All the tables were removed from the piazzas, and the only occupants of these most and breezy positions were the waiters, who sat about in groups of four or five, and waited for the next party to arrive. The waiters were dressed in white, and they were all very polite. They were all very polite. They were all very polite.